

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. VI.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, OCTOBER 25, 1869.

NO. 32.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

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THE JOY OF CHRIST.

[Home-Talk by J. H. N., August 1, 1858.]

CHRIST, "for the joy that was set before him," endured the cross, despising the shame." It is interesting to inquire what the joy was that Christ had in view. Though we may not know particulars, we can certainly get some general idea of the nature of that joy. It seems that at the same time that he delighted to do the will of his Father, so that it was his meat and his drink, still he had also beyond that, the prospect of some great delight to be the result of what he was doing. It was the anticipation and appreciation of some great joy that was to come as the consequence of his work, that propelled and sustained him—that gave him the moral power and perseverance to go on, or at any rate, that co-operated with the power of his inner life—so that he did not fail, and was not discouraged till he had set judgment in the earth. It is very clear that the joy which was set before him must have been something beyond and above what he had had previously. He was a full partaker of the glories of the Godhead before he came into this world; and when he was returning to his Father, he spoke of entering again into the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. If that was all he had in view, he might have possessed that without coming into this world. He must have had in view a joy additional to that—a great extension of his field of enjoyment, beyond what it was simply in his fellowship with the Father.

I think it is not difficult to discover what his heart was set upon. He said to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, *that where I am there ye may be also.*" He prayed that they might be *with him* and behold his glory, and that they might all be one—and not only they, but those also who should believe on him through their word. His heart was set on surrounding himself with congenial

spirits—men and women that should be one with him and with each other, and should appreciate him. In his incarnation and suffering and work through the apostolic age, he was preparing a great company to be gathered about him for social fellowship. Any one who will study his character, his whole life, and the general turn of his teachings and precepts, will discover that love was the *summum bonum* with him—that fellowship with other beings, in connection with the love of God, was the great object of his heart. He had fellowship with the Father before; and he sought in this world, fellowship with an Association of other beings—an extension of the fellowship he had with the Father, into the church.

The idea that *social fellowship* was the joy that he was seeking, is manifest in all his dealings with his disciples. We do not find him anxious about their scientific education—that they should be great and wise; but his anxiety was that they should love one another. And his prayer for their unity was carried out in such a way that Paul constantly spoke of the unity of believers under the figure of Christ's body, meaning that believers were members of him, and as such were as completely one as the various members of a visible body. We may say that the joy that was set before him was the formation of that body.

The same idea is hinted at in the glimpses afforded us in the book of Revelation, of what was accomplished in the end. The proclamation comes forth in one case: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready;" and again it was said, "Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Here we have the idea of social fellowship as the glory and joy that was then being consummated. Something was given to Christ that was equivalent to, or is fairly represented by, what a man receives when he takes a wife. And then we are informed who the Lamb's wife was. The angel showed John the holy city, and called it the Lamb's wife. It was a great spiritual association—the same thing as Christ's body, the church.

There are many ideas in circulation, as to what the joys of heaven are. The most popular idea is, that in heaven people *know* every thing, and can have opportunity to study all the secrets of the universe. This is the philosophical idea. Another idea of heaven is, that it is like a conference-meeting, and full of psalm-singing. This is the religious idea. But the view that we have just traced

out in a summary way, gives us an idea of the joys of heaven, somewhat different from either of them. It is not a place of psalm-singing or a conference-meeting on the one hand, nor is it an observatory or philosophical studio on the other. But it is a place of *love*. John anticipated it in his desire for the church, which he thus expressed: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. . . . God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. . . . If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship [*koinonia*] one with another, [that is the blessing, communism one with another], and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

There is partial truth, we admit, in the view that the pleasures of heaven consist in *worship*: not in the conference-meeting style, but in the turning of the affections toward God, and indeed toward him alone. In fact, there, all things, all the doings of the church are essentially worshipping God. But still the idea is clear and important, that the grand medium, or sphere, in which God is worshiped, is in social intercourse, in the enjoyment of family love: and this is only saying that heaven is a living embodiment of the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." That is unquestionably the ground-plan of heaven. Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it; and this fulfillment was witnessed in the identification of all believers with himself, so that they became his body. The marriage of the Lamb to the New Jerusalem, was simply carrying out to its fulfillment the idea announced in the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A clear view of this point is very important. It is not important that we should be able to tell precisely how they live, what the *customs* and *forms* of society are in heaven, but it is very important that we should understand what the essential element of their life is.—And I am bold to say that there can be no mistake about the general principle, that social fellowship—*koinonia*—communism—is the essence of the pleasures of heaven. Those therefore who desire to go to heaven, must put themselves in training to love their neighbor as themselves, to make music in society, and live in peace and harmony. If we are bound for that world, which is truly a world of love, our business is to thoroughly under-

stand the nature of love, and train ourselves to it in all its branches.

This was the joy that was set before Christ; and so great a joy, that he marched on his way to death with a glad heart. This same joy is set before us; and we can understand it and appreciate it, so that it shall act upon us as it did upon him. We shall never get to heaven by being *driven* there. Any one who is under the action of fear, is not on the way toward heaven. His fear may be as religious as possible; it may be of the most solemn kind; judgment and eternity may be pressing upon him with ever so much weight; and if that is all that is moving him, his back is toward heaven. The only use of these influences is to frighten him so that he will turn around, and take another motive into his heart. As a man in desperation will be likely to try all ways, so fear of damnation has that good tendency, to put a man on seeking all possible means to help himself. But it is the love of something good—attraction—that governs God and the angels, and is the element of heaven; and we make progress toward heaven only as we are *attracted*. The impulse of fear does not drive us that way at all. So that we must try to set before us that *great joy* that was set before Christ. And we shall find there is motive power enough in it, to make us faithful and enduring as he was.

Paul studied this matter, and he had that joy before him. "The sufferings of this present time," said he, "are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." And again, "This light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He was caught up to the third heaven, "and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter;" he had seen and known something of what that exceeding and eternal weight of glory was, of which he spoke. It is free to those that can appreciate it and make good use of it. Christ knew what it was, but he could not tell Nicodemus. "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe them not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" There is a discovery of that interior glory that is for those who are prepared to receive it, and appreciate it. Paul prayed for the church that they might have the spirit of wisdom and revelation, to know the hope of their calling—that is, to apprehend this joy. Again, he said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." In so far as we are invited to the gospel of Christ at all, we are invited to the knowledge of the same motive which led Christ to the cross. He was not *doing duty* there; he was bound for an immense prize—seeking it from the noblest attraction. He was not gloomily obeying a hard law from a sense of obligation; he was

bounding like a roe on the mountain of hope and anticipation. So with Paul. We are only in a poor childish state of things, so long as we are impelled by a sense of duty and fear. "We are saved by hope."

Religionists generally disconnect the idea of worship, and so far also of heaven, from sociality. Their meetings are an expression of their idea of heaven. It is worship or instruction, and that is all. The idea of fellowship—unity one with another—Communism—is nearly all left out. But I am satisfied that there is no possibility of separating worship from sociality; that there is not, and cannot be, any true worship of God without the social element. Worship is in its nature love—a social state. If our hearts are worshipful, they are social; the tendency to this channel is as natural as that of water to the ocean. And Communism—family union—is just as really a part of true religion, as worship is.

We may conceive of heaven as a wedding. That is the Bible figure. We need not literalize it; but it is certain that the reality is not *less* attractive than the figure; it must be more so. We should then all be in the state of glorious anticipation that persons are in who are about to be married: not less buoyant and hopeful and joyful in view of heaven, than if our wedding were before us.

DOING AND BEING.

WHAT we ARE, is more important than what we DO; because *being* is the fountain of *doing*, and being is a permanent substance, while doing is an intermittent accident.

If it is true, as the legalists hold, that all *virtue* lies in the *will*, it is not true that all *value* lies there. Wherever there is virtue of the doing sort, there is *value* of the being sort back of it, that is worth more than the virtue. If a *machine* could be made that would grind out as much *good* to the universe as is produced by a righteous will, that machine would be as valuable, though not (in legal language) as virtuous as a righteous will. The *value* of all things lies in their power of producing *happiness*; and the special value of a righteous will (which is called *virtue*) lies in the fact that a living immortal power of willing has an immense superiority as a happiness-producing agent, over any possible inanimate structure. It is not essential therefore to the notion of the highest kind of *value*, that it should be something voluntary, but only that it should be the highest power of happiness-production. And as that which is back of the voluntary (*viz.*, being), is certainly a more important happiness-producer than the voluntary, we need not fear to say that if *virtue* is necessarily voluntary, then there is something more valuable than virtue. (We do not mean to admit, however, that the words *virtue*, *righteousness*, &c., are properly restricted to the voluntary. We believe that, in Bible usage at least, they are applied to *being* as well as *doing*.)

Law regulates doing. Grace determines being. Law fails because it operates on the effect and not on the cause. Grace succeeds

because it rectifies the being from which the doing results.

Legality is a system which concerns itself chiefly with doing. But it is not necessary, in order that a system may be defined as legal, that it should be *purely* a doing-system, to the exclusion of all attention to being. If its influences are chiefly preceptive, hortatory, stimulative of doing, and its attention to the ways and means of modifying or new-creating being is only secondary, it is legal. So, on the other hand, if a system concerns itself chiefly with the new-creating element of the gospel, and yet gives a secondary place to the influences that regulate doing, it is a gospel system. The difference between legal and evangelical systems lies not so much in their using different truths and influences, as in their giving different proportions to those truths and influences.

The affirmation that what we are, is more important than what we do, is equivalent to saying that *spiritual experience* is more important than *works*. This principle lies at the bottom of the New Testament scheme of reform, and will ultimately be the test-principle by which all reformatory and religious systems will be tried.

GOOD WORKS FORE-ORDAINED.

PAUL'S statement of the relation between grace and works, in Eph. 2: 8-10, is curious and worthy of attention. "By grace," says he, "ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: *not of works* lest any man should boast. For [instead of working ourselves into salvation] *we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus* [Still there is a place for *works*, for we are created in Christ Jesus] *unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.*" According to this statement, good works, on the one hand, are not the *cause* of our salvation; and on the other, are its *effect*, and are fore-ordained equally with it. It is well for those who believe that their salvation is fore-ordained, to remember that in that case a due amount of good works is also fore-ordained for them.

It is unquestionably the privilege of those who are called to salvation, to know *beforehand* the works which are assigned to them. "The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth;" but they who are entitled to the name of "friends" and "sons" of the great master-builder, are certainly admitted to some general knowledge at least of *his* plans; and as his work, predestined and predicted as it is, involves theirs, why should they not understand beforehand especially the part of his work which belongs to them. A man who has a job to do, as for instance, to manage a farm or to build a house, will certainly set about it more heartily, and labor more intelligently and profitably, if he has a plan previously laid out, and foresees what he is to do. It cannot be doubted that Paul knew from the beginning of his discipleship, the outline of the work to which he was called. He was informed expressly that he was to be a minister of the truth, and an apostle to the Gentiles—a "chosen vessel" of salvation. (Acts 26: 17, &c.) Thus his fore-ordained good works were made known to him; his plan was before him; "a dispensation of

the gospel was committed to him;" and he went to his labors, with the assurance that the scheme which he was working out was God's and not his, and that God had fore-calculated his strength and would certainly make him successful. So when Timothy entered on his labors in the gospel, "prophecies went before on him," and Paul reminds him of them, as though they were designed to exert an important influence in securing his faithfulness and success. "By them" the apostle expected that he would "war a good warfare." 1 Tim. 1: 18. Why may not all co-workers with God, have the same advantage of forecasting their appointed labors as Paul and Timothy had? We advise all who profess to have been created anew in Christ Jesus, to set about discovering their predestined good works, and do THEM.

THE FAITH OF CHRIST.

BIBLE faith is too often regarded as assent to abstract tenets or theological dogmas, instead of being recognized as a living spirit that communicates the things of God to man. Before faith became *incarnate* in the Son of God, it was a mighty power in those who were its recipients, as seen in the history of the faith heroes in the 11th of Hebrews. But glorious as was the manifestation of faith in the prophetic ages, it pales before the greater faith of Christ and the Primitive Church.

The war against unbelief, the antagonist of faith, was of a defensive character before the advent of Christ. In that conflict, believers developed most perfectly a faith of endurance, through which they obtained a good report; but their faith was not saving. The enemy, though manfully resisted, was not vanquished. Christ, on entering the field, assumed the offensive. The foe was not only to be resisted but destroyed. Human nature was the contested ground; and God authorized his Son to dislodge the usurper and take possession in his stead.

In conquering the enemy, Christ's own faith was perfected; and in that perfected faith all power was invested. And as the spirit of faith in us and in him is a unit, it follows that victories over every evil, not excepting disease, old age and death, are as truly provided for as are victories over sin and condemnation. The faith that saves one from the least sin, is the same faith that conquered death by raising Jesus Christ from the dead. And this spirit of faith, so mighty to save, is the gift of God to the world—a gift so far above all price as to challenge both comparison and computation. A gift, too, brought so near to every one, that no expense is incurred, nor time lost, in securing its presence as an abiding educator and comforter of the soul.

To establish believers in the faith of Christ, as the ground-work of their progress, was ever uppermost in the mind of Paul. "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be *formed in you*," is a specimen of his theological work in building up the Church. Paul lived in the flesh not by his own faith but by the faith of the Son of God; and strengthened by that faith, "he could do all things." All things are possible, therefore, to him who lives and walks in that spirit of faith which the Father and Son bequeathed to the world in the person of the Spirit of Truth—a Spirit whose

ubiquity progressive civilization is forced more and more to recognize.

JUPITER AND SATURN.

VISIBLE now, just after sunset, are the two largest planets of the solar system—Jupiter and Saturn. They are very nearly in opposition, one setting soon after the other rises. Jupiter, with great brilliancy, shines forth in the east, near the Pleiades; Saturn, in the west may be observed near the large fixed star Antares. These great planets through the summer and autumn nights of the past season have been conspicuously brilliant and interesting to students of astronomy.

About eighteen hundred and-seventy-six years ago, Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction. This was in the year of Rome (A. U.) 747. Some students of history and chronology have supposed this to be the year of the birth of Jesus, and the astronomer Kepler ventured to suggest that the *star in the east*, mentioned by Matthew as co-incident with that event, may have been the conjunction of these two planets. "It is known," says Dr. Robinson in his *Greek Harmony of the Gospels*, "by most exact astronomical calculation, that in this very year, A. U. 747, these two planets were *twice* in conjunction, in the sign of the Fish. The first time was on the 20th of May, when they were visible in the east before sunrise; the second time, on the 27th of October, when they were visible at midnight in the south. They were so near each other, that to the unaided eye they would appear as a single star." This solution of the question of the time of Christ's birth, and of the remarkable phenomenon called by the evangelist the "star," "is," adds Dr. Robinson, "certainly recommended by simplicity, definiteness and a scientific basis." That Christ was born in the latter part of A. U. 747, is also the conclusion of some writers, who take as the basis of their computation, the census mentioned in Luke 2: 1. Tertullian says this census was taken in Judea by Sentius; and Sentius was pro-consul of Syria from A. U. 744 till A. U. 748. If it is assumed that the birth of Jesus took place at the time of the second conjunction of the planets, October 27th, then the birth of John the Baptist, who was about six months older, occurred near the time of the first conjunction, May 20th. Whether the "star" seen by the wise men was the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn or not, the thought is poetic and interesting that these two brilliant, far-off worlds, blending their light together, shone, in that wondrous midnight hour, on the birth of Him whom an earlier prophecy foretold as a "Star out of Jacob," and a later revelation named "the root and offspring of David, the Bright and Morning Star."

T. L. P.

A CONTRAST.

I HAVE been promoted. Circumstances for the last few years have prevented me from taking an active part in our house-work. I could scarcely claim to be "a looker on" in our busy Venice. But favorable changes have come, and I am once more working a little in our domestic arena. I have become one of a trio of dish-washers at noon. This once repulsive chore is made so attractive here that I am of-

ten tempted to contrast it with the same task as it is done in the ordinary small family. I think most house-keepers will agree with me in considering this last method "repulsive." As I remember it in old times, it was solitary, slow and disagreeable. One performer, with one sink, was doomed to dispose of dishes, spoons, tumblers, knives, tin-ware, stew-pans and kettles. The water was brought by hand, and was not always hot or sufficient. The grease that goes with cooking and eating meat was not the least disagreeable part of the business. Then the chore must be repeated three times a day. The same dishes, the same routine over and over again—never-ending—still-beginning drudgery.

Now I must tell of the improved method growing out of Communism, premising that the trio to which I belong simply attends to the crockery; spoons, tumblers, &c., all being done at separate tables, and by other persons. After dinner I seat myself comfortably in front of my large stationary dish-pan. Faucets delivering hot and cold water hang over the dish-pan, and a hole in the bottom of it discharges the water as often as I like. At my right is a large platform to receive the dishes to be washed, and at my left is another on which to lay them after washing. A large dipper containing hot soap in solution is always at hand, furnished by the masculine member of our trio. Opposite me, and within speaking distance, sits my sister performer. She has a similar pan and conveniences, and commences work at the same time that I do. Perhaps I have not happened to meet this person before, since yesterday noon, so we have a pleasant exchange of inquiries and observations, as we proceed to wash up the dishes that have accumulated during the forenoon. Presently a little car comes trundling up to the platform. Its engineer is our dining-room man. He unloads the car of its huge piles of plates, cups, saucers, nappies, &c., places them within easy reach, and then goes back to the dining-room for another load. Now we work lively. We should soon cover the platform that receives the washed dishes, but our masculine assistant is promptly on hand to take them off in little racks, and lower them into a rinsing box of scalding water. Then, after letting them drain dry, he packs them into another car, and wheels them off to the dining-room. This process of washing and rinsing goes on for about three-quarters of an hour. During that time four car-loads of dishes have come from the dining-room, and from five hundred to eight hundred dishes have been washed, dried, replaced on the table, or put away in their respective cupboards. The trio have then finished their performances, and retire.

As the dish-washing is so easy and simple a task, I find I have not only time to talk, but to hear and observe what is passing around me. I can glance at the group busy about the range, at another group disposing of the edibles that come from the dining-room, or I can notice the person who washes spoons and forks with the two little girls who do the wiping. These, and a dozen other things going on within my range of observation, excite my interest as a novice in the kitchen, and quicken my thankfulness for Communism.

From all I see, I am strongly impressed with

the complete fusion of interests that has resulted from our twenty years unity. "*Esprit du corps*" runs through every detail. I remember that for some time after the family first came together it was often felt and said that thorough, tidy, economical housewives in their own small families, seemed to lay aside some of these good qualities after joining the Community, and be tempted to seek their ease, and turn off their appointed work without sufficient enthusiasm for the public interest. That is, the strain and pressure of the single-family system was taken off, and that of the Community family was not fairly on. In our ladies' meeting, which often assembled to discuss domestic affairs, the sisters who had charge of distributing and arranging the work frequently put in a gentle exhortation to all to cultivate the public spirit, and each one strive to show the same economy and thoroughness they did in their former home. This was years ago. Now, no one can work in our kitchen without feeling and seeing that all and more than the old-fashioned thoroughness and faithfulness is there. In short, the Community family calls out more exactness, order, and neatness, than can possibly be produced in the single family. c.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1869.

STEAM.

TRAINS from New York to San Francisco in six days! the papers announce. Truly, this is "the age of steam." And what a revolutionizer it is! But a few months since, New York and California were at least *three weeks* apart—three weeks of toil and moil over desert plains, Rocky Mountains, and rugged Sierras, by stage-coach. And a three months' journey for the emigrant, with ox trains. Now, palace-cars, with kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory attachments, speed over the space in six days! Steam has done it. The same paper reports the arrival of Father Hyacinthe in this "New America," and only *eight days and sixteen hours* from France; the shortest passage ever made. The broad ocean that sundered nations and peoples, forbidding the bans of comity and close unity, is reduced to a span, and we step across it as it were, cutting the hurricane asunder and laughing at old ocean's surliest moods. It is *steam* again. What a servant! what a benefactor! It is a hard master, as frequent and painful events attest, and so are all the great forces. A horse must have a harness proportionate to his strength, and then, in proper hands, he performs his service with safety and profit. And so this giant steam needs only a harness adequate to his strength, and skillful handling, to do our bidding with the docility of a child. And it not only does our grand and stately service on ocean and land, but it is not above the most menial service; it enters our kitchens, boils our potatoes, washes our dishes, warms our houses, works our "dumb-waiters," with equal alacrity, and is not above blacking our boots, only requiring to have the brush put into its hand. Surely, here is versatility of talent, for you, and docility combined. Who believes the "good time coming" is very far distant, or that the millennium is a myth, when deeds, as well as words of progress, are emblazoned on land and sea, and time and space are so fast approaching annihilation?

THE NEW PATHY.

LETTER TO "J. W. T."

DEAR FRIEND:—I wish to express to you the great interest with which I have read your letter in the CIRCULAR of September 27, describing your suc-

cess in the "new pathy," or the art of conquering disease by refusing to deal with it. Surely this is the right way, the Christian way, the successful way. The first step, is to discover that disease is something besides a mere condition; that it is, namely, a cunning, conscious, crawling parasite, hungry and tiger-like. Off with the mask from this deceiver! Your innocent fever, your sanctimonious rheumatism, your pious dysentery, your creeping consumption, what are they? Demons in disguise! Let us stick a pin there, and we shall then be ready to meet them in the only rational and successful manner, viz., with moral force.

It is good to know that in repelling these things one is also ennobling himself. It is a moral and spiritual victory. You assert manly self-control; you refuse to go in bad company. Every such step increases self-respect. It is carrying out the grand Christian doctrine that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. What! temples of the Spirit, and still harboring the rats and vermin of disease? Temples of the Spirit, and yet the occupants all the time lashed with morbid, spasmodic attempts at defense against the stings of these intruders? How inconsistent! The more you fight and chase them, the stronger they grow. Notice, recognition, is what they live on. It introduces a sort of partnership—one of hate, repugnance and slavery, it is true—but still just as effectual for their purpose. Now the "new pathy" makes an end of this. It says: Fall back, resist not evil, accept simply God's word that your body is his temple, and say to disease, "I have nothing to do with you: I shall not obey your instigations. If you come here, you will find me 'not at home.' I can bear your persecutions if God please; but to hack and cough, and wrench myself to please you, I refuse." Take this course—come out from all voluntary partnership with disease—and then stands forth the tremendous warning against your enemy, "If any man [or thing] defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The self-control induced by this course is a splendid moral discipline, and is the very preparation of spirit which fits one for social harmony in Communism. Disease is egotistical; but charity "doth not behave itself unseemly."

The facts you disclose are exhilarating. I have had similar ones in my experience. Mr. B. and others testify to the same point. Let us bring these facts together and strengthen ourselves in their truth, until the devil's whole kingdom of humbug crumbles to the ground. G.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Oct. 20th.—We often hear of "winter lingering in the lap of spring;" but now winter seems to have jumped into the "lap" of autumn most prematurely and unceremoniously. Such shocking familiarity! The hills are mantled with snow, and one would only need to draw a sled to one of the summits, to have a slide in January style. Indeed, we might easily imagine we were in the midst of that mid-winter month, but for the tinted foliage, which the white back-ground of snow serves to bring out in more striking relief. Some of our weather-wise folk take this "cold term" as a cheering harbinger of delightful "Indian Summer" days. This is a pleasant prophecy, and we accept it with what faith we can, though we have come to think of Indian Summer as rather a fickle institution in this latitude. However, for the sake of the potatoes that still lie in the snow-covered ground, if for nothing else, we indulge in hope.

—This day is made memorable in the annals of the O. C., by the introduction of steam into the mansion for heating purposes. There had been weeks of preparation; thousands of feet of conducting pipe had been fitted, and placed in position, ramifying through the building from cellar to attic, and making as complex a system as the arteries and veins of the human body. A score of "radiators" and "coils" flanked the walls of halls, sitting-rooms and sleeping-rooms, standing cold and comfortless, waiting for the warm, vitalizing breath of the boiler. The hot-air

furnaces that had stood in the basement for years, like fortresses of strength, dispensing what protection they could, were voted old-fogy institutions, whose room was better than their company; and dismemberment and banishment followed hard upon the sentence. But the transition from hot-air to steam-heating, was not made without some discomfort. The forty-horse-power engine stood waiting to be "fired up," and every thing in readiness except a few feet of pipe to complete the connection. This connecting link was required to be of specific length and size, and had been ordered from the manufacturers by express. But for some unexplained reason the pipe did not come; the weather grew cold, and day after day we looked in vain for the link in the chain of cause and effect that should bring warmth and comfort to our hearthless home. At length the telegraph flashed the cheering word that the pipe we so much desired had been shipped. Then we counted the hours that would intervene before its arrival, and with buttoned coats waited patiently. At 4 o'clock to-day it was here, and at 6½ o'clock all was in readiness, and the signal given to "let on steam;" then away flew the pent-up hissing steam, like a sprite, rushing through dark passages, around crooked corners, leaping from basement to attic, climbing to the top of the tower in a jiffy, and sending the warm currents to every extremity. Warmth prevailed again, folks looked glad, and the comfort seemed not a little enhanced by the brief episode of discomfort. The boiler by reason of its peculiar construction, "sectional tubular," realizes the very great desideratum of being non-explosive in any disastrous way, as the severest tests have proved; and persons may sleep over it, it is claimed, without any fear of being, in an unlucky moment, blown to fragments and scattered to the four winds. We congratulate ourselves and humanity at large on the improvements in steam boilers that are destined to make an end of the frightful accidents incident to the use of steam power.

[The galley-proof of this column discovered to our surprise, two paragraphs on the above theme, inspired we suppose by the excitement of the occasion. We marked the second out at first as repetition, but afterward marked it in as a "variation."]

—About two months ago one cool evening, premonitive of winter, Mr. Noyes sent into Mr. Hamilton's room to know when we should have the steam. The fixtures were in progress; conducting pipes could be seen in places, here was a coil, and there a radiator, one or the other go where you would; but all was comfortless, cold iron. We had been used of a chilly evening to temper the house with wood fires in the hot-air furnaces, but the furnaces had been taken out of the cellar to make place for air-chambers belonging to the new system of heating. So, though there were stoves put up in some of the principal rooms, it was an important question of general comfort when we should have the steam. Mr. H. sent word that he could not promise it before the 20th of October. He hoped to have it by the last of September, but thought he would leave a margin for accidents, I suppose, and disappoint us on the right side if any. Whatever he thought, his answer proved prophetic. The steam did not come till the 20th, and then it *did* come. In the first place the boiler from Philadelphia was behind several days after every thing was waiting for it. Then when all was ready to make the last connections, it was discovered that we had no machine sufficient to cut the thread of the "main," and none was found in Syracuse or Utica, so we had to send to the manufacturers in Philadelphia for that. Then the freshet or election or something else kept the pipe back day after day, till Monday, the 18th, when we had a telegram that it was shipped. Tuesday, it might have been here but did not come, and our express team came back Wednesday noon and no pipe. It came however, at four o'clock P. M., and by six the connections were made and a fire started. Then what a pleasing excitement in the house, folks going from room to room to feel of the radiators and assure themselves of the silent, invisible influence which soon made summer in every room. During all this delay it is but fair to acknowledge that the weather has seemed to consid-

er our condition and hold back as much of its chills and blasts as possible. To-day has been the coldest day we have had. The morning discovered snow on the hills, but the evening brought our steam.

—We have a plank-walk between O. C. and W. P., for most of the way a single line of plank, stretching along beside the road fence, and almost every day I am reminded by the creeping things which I pass on it, of the lines of Cowper, that were in my School Reader:

"An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live."

At times, especially after a shower, the plank will be literally alive with snails, horns extended, dragging their slow lengths along, each one leaving a slimy trail behind; and if one happens to have a predominance of "humanity," as the journalist would fain believe he has, much circumspection is required not to "crush the snail." That many of them do get crushed and lose their lives by an "inadvertent step," is too evident, and to a French epicure the sight would doubtless be painful. At other times, the caterpillars will be out in their comfortable-looking suits of red and black, and may be counted by scores, as they quietly, without apparently quickening their pace for any danger, pursue their way longitudinally or across the plank. The crickets, too, appear to think they have the "right of way" and come out on the plank in their shiny black suits for exercise, and to feed on the remains of the unfortunate snails and caterpillars. Altogether, humanity is pretty well taxed, as one threads his way through so much animated matter. Why this walk is so attractive to these creatures is a mystery; perhaps they seek the plank to sun themselves and get warmth, or they may have an instinct to elevate themselves in the scale of existence, by seeking the higher walks of life.

—The story of the Dutchman who went distracted on finding that he was his own grandfather, &c., (so funnily told in another column), has proved rather a knotty problem for some of us and has been the subject of many an animated discussion. Every point of relationship mentioned by the afflicted Dutchman, has been dwelt upon, and proved by one and another to their own satisfaction, if not to that of their listeners. We know of a certain room, where for two consecutive evenings, a varied group gathered to discuss the story. The many amusing tableaux made by this group during the discussions, are better imagined than described, as people say. At times they would all be silent, studying the subject—one, with his face buried in his hands, another rubbing his nose, a third knotting her handkerchief, &c., &c. Suddenly they would all think they "had it," and all leaning forward to explain, a perfect babel of tongues would ensue. "I have it," says one; "Do n't you see, he was his own grandfather, because his daughter was his mother, and so"—"Oh," interrupts another, "his son was his grandfather, because his father was his son, and his wife was his grandmother, and that made him"—"Why," says a third, "his father married his daughter, and so became his son, consequently he is his own grandfather, and great-grandfather to his father; and then, because his wife is his grandmother, his son is father to his father, because"—And so it goes, with interruptions of laughter, until one, with a ludicrously dazed look, breaks the circle by jumping up with his hands to his head, declaring that the subject is "too many" for him.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—Parties are agitating the project of building a horse-railroad from Oneida village to Willow-Place. It would undoubtedly be a good investment for the stockholders, and would solve for the O. C. the somewhat vexed question of boarding the W. P. employés. The silk-factory girls are principally residents of Oneida, and two large omnibuses, which are required to transport them, are crowded to their utmost capacity, and the contemplated enlargement of business involves the question of building either boarding-houses or more omnibuses. The railroad

would seem to be exactly the institution to help us out of the dilemma. The O. C. has in contemplation the building of a railroad to W. P.; and if we can meet there the Oneida road, it will, in connection with the Midland, complete the circuit, or rather, it will give us a railroad triangle—a right-angled triangle apparently, with W. P. situated at the right-angle, and O. C. near the included angle of the hypothenuse (Midland) and the short side. Steam cars on one side, and horse cars on the other two.

Evening Meeting.—W. H. W.—I propose for discussion the subject of contagion—how far it operates for good. It is well known that this principle has a mighty power for evil. The question is, whether it is not just as available and mighty for spreading good? Mr. N. has a great deal of faith in the power of contagion for good, and exhorts us not to leave this fact out of account in estimating the possibilities for good. Contagion seems to be the prime minister of sin, disease, and death, and the whole catalogue of evils. Is it any the less effective in spreading health, righteousness, virtue, and good fruits of all kinds—education even?

W. R. I.—I do not see any reason why contagion should not be as powerful in one case as in the other. The reason why contagion is so injurious in the world, is because men are prone to do evil. There were some good Christian men in the shop where I used to work, who were desirous to exercise a good influence, and lead the hands to improvement, and good behavior; but there was one very bad man who had a great deal more influence in leading them off into bad ways; and it was said that the reason why he had the most influence over them, was because he led them down by the natural course of their own passions. My impression is that this is true where people are absorbed in the world, and worldly pleasures; but it is very different with people whose proclivities are all for improvement—for becoming wiser and better. In such a case the influence of contagion would lead them in an upward direction of improvement.

J. B.—I think that when people get from under the crust of false education which every where prevails in the world, so that they can discern the real good, their attractions for that will be found far greater than for evil. The religious education that prevails in the world, teaches men to suppress and crush some of their strongest and noblest passions, as being wholly evil; whereas the truth would teach the free exercise of all the passions, limited only by the rule of subordination to the teachings of God's spirit.

W. H. W.—Those who take a narrow, superficial view, would think that evil is almighty, and has its way pretty much every where. There is another view of the matter that shows that God is stronger than evil, that good contagion is working in the world. In all these great improvements that are going on in commerce and navigation, in the increased facilities for communication, through the telegraph and printing-press, you see a great enthusiasm at work, a contagion spreading, that is pushing men on, and taking possession of their minds. Knowledge is increasing, the barriers between nations are breaking down. These are great blows aimed at Satan's kingdom. There is a universal feeling in the country that this Pacific Railroad has pierced the heart of barbarism, in the case of the Indians and the Mormons. People may say that this is taking a material view of the situation; but these things have a wide bearing on the destiny of the world. I cannot conceive how men who are actuated by mere love of money—selfishness—can engage in such tremendous enterprises, involving a vast amount of capital, and so much sacrifice of ease and personal comfort. No doubt the love of money has a certain influence; but I cannot believe men can go on and keep up such an enthusiasm, unless they are set going by God, and the contagion of the spiritual world.

E. L. H.—The study of the sciences, too, is entered into with wonderful enthusiasm. The telescope and microscope are brought into requisition, and the contagion spreads through all classes. The fact cannot

be kept out of sight, that God is back of it, making it all tend toward the establishment of his kingdom.

W. H. W.—I do not see any end to the progress of the age, short of bringing in the Kingdom of God. The devil lives and works in darkness; but the whole tendency of the age is to disseminate light. We can see how the telegraph works to circumvent evil. An incident was related in the papers, of a Chinaman who committed murder, and then started for California to escape. A telegram was immediately sent, reporting the deed, and describing the man, and after going around the world it reached California before the man had hardly got out of sight of his native land; and when he landed in California an officer was ready to arrest him. That is an instance of the way the telegraph is checking and heading off the devil—bringing things to light, and making it impossible for people to escape detection and the judgment. Light and truth are fast breaking in upon the world. Popery is crumbling, and so it will be with all things that cannot bear the light—they will go down with the advance of progress.

WALLINGFORD.

—Simpson & Co's, steam-gong sounded this morning (Oct., 14), and they sent over to have a circular printed, giving notice that they should run their factory by steam until they could build their dam.

—In the Hall this noon a common mud-wasp was decapitated as a public nuisance. The fragments still showing signs of life, an additional operation was performed, George E. cutting it into three pieces, viz., head, abdomen, and middle portions with wings attached. As each and every part still continued to show signs of life, similar experiments were performed on other wasps, and the fragments were finally left on the centre-table. At half-past six P. M., or six hours later, the fragments were observed to be still alive, and apparently possessed of consciousness. The head would open its jaws; the wings were moving, and the abdomen would in vain attempt to sting anything that touched it. There was no mistake, the several parts were really "alive and kicking." After a series of tests the fragments were collected and laid in a warm place till morning. They were then examined and found to be finally and totally dead. One of the wing portions had escaped from the paper, but had evidently died in taking flight. In another experiment, the pieces of a wasp were alive from Sunday night to Monday morning. If any feel their sensibilities shocked by this recital, they should consider that these insects were not only a nuisance, but they were made a sacrifice to science.

Evening Meeting.—G. W. N.—In some conversation I had to-day with Mr. N. he said his experience was illustrated by the law of fluids—that when a body of that class is under pressure, it breaks through, or avoids the pressure in the line of the least resistance, whatever that may be. So he says, in regard to his own experience, whenever he is under pressure of any kind—bodily or spiritual—when the pressure gets to a certain point, he finds an outlet in the direction of Christ. There is the point of the least resistance in every case. In that way he vanishes from evil; and the moment he makes his escape in that direction he finds himself delivered from fear, and all is right. I thought that was a very interesting presentation. Instead of stopping to resist evil and exhausting himself in struggling with it, it is becoming more and more natural for him to seek that outlet. The beauty of it is, that in escaping in that way from evil, you escape to a sphere that the devil knows nothing about—he has no conception of it whatever. You may retire there and be quiet, no matter what storms are howling around.

A SUPERNUMERARY IN SCHOOL.

THEATERS, in addition to the regular actors employed, have a limited number of men and women in their service called *supernumeraries*—persons who have no regular appointments as prominent actors, but are required to be present in order to fill vacancies, &c., &c., at a moment's notice. Usually, we believe, some of them are *retired* actors, who

have been attachés of the stage for a length of time, and are therefore qualified to serve as substitutes in almost any emergency during the performance of a play.

With some propriety it may be said that the O. C. has a class who may be called "*supernumeraries*"—persons having no regular appointments in the business department, although rendering service in doing light chores; besides occasionally filling vacancies for short periods. Some of the members of this division are somewhat advanced in life, but have a past record of service in the various industries of the Community. But it should be stated, that, as regards interior spiritual work, they find ample employment in believing on Christ; cultivating his resurrection faith in their hearts, and working, as Mr. N. calls it, upon the "upper depot;" drilling and blasting away at the principalities of old age, disease and death—enemies which are wholly conquered in our victorious Redeemer, and will be in us, when we are perfected in him. Although the profit in the work of believing on Christ, does not appear in the yearly balance-sheet that we sometimes publish to the world, still it can be said, and said truly, that sincere faith in Christ as a Savior from all sin, underlies the entire system of the O. C.'s temporal industries; and to this unseen work, carried on by all—old and young—is its success essentially due. But the circumstance that called our attention to this inconspicuous class in the external organization of our businesses, was the perusal of the following entry in a private journal of one who calls himself a supernumerary:

"Was quite unexpectedly called upon this morning to fill Mrs. N.'s situation for a few days as teacher in our Primary School. A change indeed, thought I, when giving assent to render the desired service. On entering the school-room the next day, I encountered nineteen pairs of youthful eyes that seemed to say, 'What a funny thing it will be to have a man for our school marm.' For the women have always monopolized this field of labor, with the entire sympathy of the masculine fraternity. But I and my scholars were by no means strangers to each other; so no time was lost in studying their individual idiosyncrasies. Not only was I acquainted with each child, but equally well with each child's father and mother. In E., a girl of twelve, I can see her father's generous but impulsive soul, with a share of her mother's secretiveness. In L., a girl of ten, her father's mercurial temperament and musical gifts are reproduced, with a percentage added, mixed with her mother's suavity. In like manner I could go through the list of the thirteen girls and six boys, taking note of the faithfulness of nature in endorsing the paternal record of children born in the Community.

"In playing the part of school-master pro tem., I am reminded of a winter's experience in teaching a district-school more than forty years ago. How meager were the facilities then for enlightening childhood's opening mind, compared with the present. No black-board, no outline maps, no instruction in music, no painting, no drawing, no letter blocks, no picture reading, no dissecting maps, no juvenile grammars and geographies, no improved readers and spellers, &c. Then the little ones often suffered a kind of martyrdom in sitting from five to six hours a day on the bench, with nothing but a spelling-book to pass away the time. Now the black-board is indispensable; so also is the little brush and paint-box with its many colors. After having the little ones spell out their lessons on large picture cards, they soon begin to raise their tiny hands, and catching the eye of the teacher, sing out, some high and some low, 'Please may I paint?' 'May I have some paper and a drawing book?' 'May I mark on the black-board?' One day a little girl of five years, who had been quietly working at her paints for a long time, brought to me the picture of a large bear, upon whose shaggy form she had been bestowing her art, and inquired, with all the earnestness of an amateur, 'What color will match best with green?' She had then the body of bruin well greened over, and thought, no doubt, that it would improve his appearance to

have some color more showy on his head and extremities.

"The little boys have rather more attraction for the black-board than for the brush, particularly T. and H., whose favorite pictures of chalk are the 'Midland Railroad,' with its high, long trestle-work, as it appears in sight of the school-room, and a locomotive drawing along train of dirt-cars with engineer, fireman—and all. In these attempts the future artists of the O. C. may perhaps be discovered. But how wide-awake I have to be in keeping within bounds the youngest of my flock, brave little O., overflowing with life and activity. He wants to do what he sees his mates do. In marking on the black-board, instead of drawing some picture, he will cover the board with chalk-marks for the sake of seeing the *dust* fly in brushing them off. Give him paints and a brush, and unless your eye is upon him, his face or the desk will be quite as likely to receive the coloring as the picture, which, perhaps, is already in fragments upon the floor. But inside this impulsive nature, beats a warm, loving heart, and an obedient spirit.

"The 'panacea' employed in securing perfect quietness in the school, is reading to them from the Bible, stories they have heard read perhaps a hundred times, but which are still as effective as ever in charming them. This, with a few words of criticism, is all the corrective agencies required to keep the school orderly and studious.

REFLECTIONS ON MY TWO WEEKS' TEACHING.

"In studying the temptations of children to prevaricate when suddenly found guilty of some misdemeanor, I have discovered that in most cases they are seized with the spirit of fear, and under its influence untruths are told. A cure for this evil is often found in refusing to hear their story of self-defense, until they have taken time to get free from fear, and to awaken in themselves their love of truth. Fear of punishment, the displeasure of others, or of mortification of egotism, should be transferred to the other side and made to work in favor of truth-telling. Being afraid to tell a lie, because of its hatefulness and wickedness, is putting fear to its legitimate use. 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

O. C., Oct. 14, 1869.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I was much interested in what you and some others said, not long since, about special studies; though the subject was not altogether new to me. Looking at education as a process of developing the powers of the soul, and therefore to be continued during this life, and hereafter, I have sometimes questioned whether it was the best way to cultivate a particular set of faculties to a high degree of excellence, to the neglect of others. Should the masons at work on the new house, raise one of the walls so high above the rest of the building that it would be liable to topple over, we should be inclined to dismiss them as unskillful workmen. We expect not only strength and dexterity of mind to result from education, but beauty and harmony, as well.

But with regard to those secret springs that set the machinery of life in motion, you seem desirous to have Community students ignore what are generally considered the strongest motives of the human heart; as for instance, the desire for fame. It may be said, this feeling is so deep-seated and universal, that every man at some period of his life has thirsted for distinction. No books are so popular, in the long run, as biographies. The people flock to greet the Harvard boatmen on their return; notwithstanding their defeat, their manful endeavor is appreciated. Perhaps you would consider this desire for distinction to be legitimate in the direction of special moral and spiritual excellence. If so, then it may be asked, why not also in the direction of special literary and scientific acquirements? One does not wish to be always striving to keep his balance.

"Each man," says an eastern sage, "has his own

vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea." You would set aside all this. Your true man is like a ship that is adapted to any waters; and whether in the river or on the ocean, he is master of the waves, and sweeps serenely over all obstructions to his destined port. You would encourage the truth-seeker, in any department of knowledge, to follow his peculiar bent; but would advise him to proceed from the exterior, to the interior, broadening and deepening the channel continually toward the source of all knowledge. By so doing, you think he would gradually form a liking for all branches of science, outgrowing his speciality, and with it a share of his egotism (for the two are generally pretty closely connected).

On the other hand, should the truth-seeker confine his attention to a single study, though you might concede all that would be claimed, with regard to his superior advantages as an explorer in his peculiar vein; still you would think, that his loss would balance his gain even in that respect. Science is really a unit, and consequently, exclusive devotion to any fractional part of it would operate in a way to belittle the mind, which naturally faces science in its integrity. Having various faculties, which would not be called into action by the student who should follow such a course, they would at last wither and die; and he would be like a ship in a river which finally loses itself in the sand.

Taking this view of the matter, all one-sided development may be considered as a species of deformity, which we should hope sometime to overcome. All space is open to a well-poised soul, in all directions. It may be said that the mind of man is fitted to the concave of the heavens. All things are his. What is required, however, to fully round out his nature, is only partly indicated here. We must go much deeper than mere mental training if we would get the exceeding great reward that comes from an integral culture. We may say that man is essentially a vessel of inspiration. All good and great men are inspired men. The right course to pursue then, with respect to education, as well as all other interests, is to become humble and teachable, and to allow ourselves to be governed by the inspiration of God. We may be sure he has no speciality.

Yours truly,

THE NEED OF CO-OPERATION.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 13, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR: As I was reading from a daily journal this morning the report of a recent "Strike" of mill-operatives, I thought of the misery caused by the antagonism between capital and labor. Any measure which tends to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, ought to be regretted by all, and especially in this country, where the people govern. If the conflict between the capitalists and working-men continue, can anything but misery result from it? Already they have their rival candidates for the gubernatorial chair. This should not be; there ought to be harmony between them. Mutually dependent upon each other, they should work for the greatest good of each. Capital is the result of labor, and should be used for its advancement; and labor is as much dependent upon capital for its daily bread. A house divided against itself cannot stand; and the present contest between these two classes, can be of no benefit to the state or country. Yet the remedy, perhaps, is not so easily named as the disease. But I think the Oneida Community is a good illustration of what co-operation can do. This brotherhood, this common interest in a common whole, has been one great measure of its success; and it would be well if the rest of the country would take note of its example, and, with no cliques, nor rival combinations, show to the world how good a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Yours truly, C. B. W.

PILLAR-SAINTS.

III.

THE example of the first Simeon Stylites, propagated throughout the East an order of monks called *Stylites*, who, forming a Community, followed his example in some part. This custom was kept up with decreasing fervor until the 12th century. In the West, this style of asceticism was little encouraged. Looking over Church History, I have found mention made of one or two enthusiasts in the southern part of France and Germany, who endeavored to follow the example of the Stylites. But they were forbidden such exercises by their bishops, the climate of those countries being considered unsuited for this peculiar kind of mortification.

The only other Stylites of any note, that remains to be mentioned, is

ST. SIMEON STYLITE3, THE YOUNGER.

This saint was born in Antioch, A. D. 512, and retired when a child, to a monastery in the neighboring desert. The Community of Stylites was near this place.

The child Simeon, meeting one day with a young leopard, and not knowing what it was, put a rope about its neck and brought it to his superior, saying that he had found a cat. His master, seeing the "furious beast tamely obeying a child," began to conceive great thoughts of Simeon, and in 526, "having had sufficient experience of his fervor," ordered him to make a pillar and live upon it. The youth (he was then 14), obeyed as if it had been "the voice of God," and lived successively upon two pillars within the monastery, three-score and eight years, in "great austerity," and in the "exercise of assiduous contemplation." "God manifested the sanctity of St. Simeon" by a great number of miracles, performed chiefly in "curing the sick, foretelling things to come, and knowing the most secret thoughts of others."

The saint died Sept. 3d, A. D. 592.

I presume many of my readers have been disgusted by the pictures of filth and disease presented to them. But, as they have read "Saint" and "Sanctity" beneath these pictures, I hope their disgust has turned to a loathing of that apostate church of the early centuries, whose corrupt Christianity is, perhaps, illustrated by this very fact, that they received into their creed the pagan idea that propitiation of the Deity, and attainment of heaven and miraculous power, is by physical mortifications and outward observances. One cannot avoid contrasting the ideas of perfection, and of pleasing God, that these and like saints taught by word and deed, with the teachings of those still earlier days, when Christ told the multitude to fast and pray, not publicly and unto men, as "the hypocrites," but secretly, and unto God, that his Father might reward them openly.

THE NORTH POLE.

If we take a terrestrial globe and examine the actual region near the North Pole which has as yet remained unvisited by man, it will be found to be far smaller than most people are in the habit of imagining. In nearly all maps the requirements of charting result in a considerable exaggeration of the polar regions. This is the case in the ordinary maps of the two hemispheres which are to be found in all atlases. And it is, of course, the case to a much more remarkable extent in what is termed Mercator's projection. In a Mercator's chart we see Greenland, for example, exaggerated into a continent fully as large as South America, or to seven or eight times its real dimensions.

It is a singular fact to contemplate that observers in other planets may know much more than we ourselves do respecting those mysterious regions which lie close around the two poles. Their eyes may have rested on spots which all our endeavors have failed in enabling us to reach. Whether, as some have thought, the Arctic Pole is in summer surrounded by a wide and tide-swayed ocean; whether there lies around the Antarctic Pole a wide continent, bespread with volcanic mountains larger and more energetic than the two burning cones which Ross found on the outskirts of this desolate region; or whether the habitues prevailing near each pole are wholly different from those suggested by geographers and voyagers—such questions as these might possibly be solved at once could our astronomers

take their stand on some neighboring planet and direct the searching power of their telescopes upon this terrestrial orb; for this is one of those cases referred to by Humboldt when he said that there are circumstances under which man is able to learn more respecting objects millions of miles away from him, than respecting the very globe which he inhabits.

Notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties of the attempt, and the circumstance that no material gains can reward the explorer, it seems not unlikely that before many months are passed the North Pole will have been reached. Last year two bold attempts were made, one by the Swedes, the other by German men of science. In each case the result was so far successful as to give good promise for future attempts. This year both these nations will renew their attack upon the interesting problem. The German expedition consists of two vessels, the "Germania" and the "Greenland." The former is a screw-steamer of 126 tons, and well adapted to encounter the buffets of the ice-masses which are borne upon the Arctic seas. The other is a sailing yacht of 80 tons, and is intended to act as a transport-ship by means of which communication may be kept up with Europe. The "Germania" will probably winter in high northern latitudes; she sailed June 15th, and we should not be much surprised if before her return she should have been carried to the very pole. Nor can the prospects of the Swedish expedition be considered less promising, when we remember that last year, though hampered by the lateness of the season and other difficulties, they succeeded in approaching the pole within a distance only a few miles greater than that which separated Parry from the pole in 1829.

In this connection it may be cited that in the winter of 1874 there will occur one of those interesting phenomena by which Nature occasionally teaches men useful lessons respecting her economy. We refer to the transit of Venus on December 8th in that year. One of the most effective modes of observing this transit will require that a party of scientific men should penetrate far within the recesses of the desolate antarctic circle.

—*American Exchange and Review.*

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfishers are a most interesting family of birds. They are widely but thinly distributed over the country, their habits being lonely rather than gregarious. The belted kingfisher is a variety widely known in this country, which migrates northward or southward according to the season of the year; so that Wilson, the ornithologist, observed that "mill-dams are periodically visited by this feathered fisher, and the sound of his pipe is as well known to the miller as the sound of his own hopper." Its sight is singularly keen, "and, even when passing with its meteor-like flight over the country, it will suddenly check itself in mid career, hovering over the spot for a short time, watching the finny inhabitants of the brook as they swim to and fro, and then, with a curious, spiral kind of plunge, will dart into the water, driving up the spray in every direction, and, after a brief struggle, will emerge with a small fish in its mouth, which it bears to some convenient resting-place, and, after battering its prey with a few hearty thumps against a stump or a stone, swallows it, and returns for another victim." Waterfalls and rapids are its favorite haunts.

The kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and, having caught more fish than it can eat, will take them to its secret storehouse, a crevice among roots perhaps, and there hide them until it is able to eat them. Half a dozen young trout have been often found in such a hole. The kingfisher makes its nests in the deserted holes of banks, and builds them of fish-bones. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighboring twig, or some other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. They can be partially domesticated, and become so familiar with man as to receive food from him; and they are said to be fond of slow music.

The classical scholar is familiar with the expression "halcyon days," which is so frequently employed to denote a season of special security and joyousness, and is derived from an old fable, that the halcyon, or kingfisher, made its nest on the surface of the sea, and possessed some innate power of charming the waves and winds to rest during the time of its incubation. Fourteen days of calm weather were in the power of the kingfisher, or Alcyon, who was fabled to be the daughter of Æolus, wearing a feathered form in token of grief for the loss of Ceyx, her husband, and to have derived her authority from her father, the lord of winds. In many parts of England at the present day, there is a singular idea concerning the kingfisher, which seems to have its origin in the same mythical history. Those who are familiar with cottage-life in the rural districts will often have noticed a kingfisher suspended by the point of the beak from the beams of the ceiling, and, if they have asked the object of the custom, will be

told that the bird always turns its breast toward the quarter from which the wind is blowing.

—*Appletons' Journal.*

MARK TWAIN ON MR. BEECHER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's private habits are the subject of Mark Twain's latest contribution to the *Buffalo Express*. The whole article is extremely funny, but that portion which relates to Mr. Beecher's farming experience is in the humorist's most extravagant vein, and quite equal to his best efforts. It is as follows:

"Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any kind of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book-farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found—and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled.

"Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him \$40 worth of corn and then sells him for about \$9. This is the only crop he ever makes money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn anyway. And which ever way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog anyway, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips; but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

"One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago, his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water-melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit, but when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernalist carrots—though I never have heard him express it just in that way. When he bought the farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces so much—concentrativeness was the idea. So he gathered these eggs together and put them under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not 'phase' those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as 'nest-eggs.' But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted \$1,500 worth, but never a one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand, to this day, what was the matter with those apples."—*Exchange.*

RATHER MIXED.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has a vast deal to be answerable for. In fact, the complications attending her unlucky Byron revelations appear to be growing more and more complex every day, making a tangle of family relations in general, and upsetting the minds of people on the subject of affinities and genders and all sorts of recondite things. Here, for instance, is what an Irish paper—the *Northern Whig* of September 25—copying from the *London Times* a biographical notice of the late Lady Palmerston, says: "Her father was a sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the mother of Lady Noel Byron."

O! dear, dear, dear! we thought it must come to this; but the end is not yet.—*The World.*

A German of Frankfort lately tried to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Main. On being fished out by a bargeman and led before a magistrate, he gave the following lamentable account of himself:

"Some time since I married a widow who had a daughter, of eighteen. My father, who often came to see us, fell in love with this daughter and married her. By reason of this my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother—she being, as you see, the wife of my father. Not long after this my own wife bore me a son, who was the father of my father (and consequently my grandfather), and at the same time my uncle, seeing he was the brother

of my step-mother. In her turn my step-mother, who was also my step-daughter, brought forth a son, who was both my son, my brother and my grandchild. Thus my own wife, being the mother of my father's wife, was my grandmother; I myself was the husband of my wife, and her grandchild; and, as the husband of a person's grandmother becomes naturally the grandfather of that person, it follows from all this that I am my own grandfather. This distracting state of things deprived life of its sweets. From trying to make out my position I became afflicted with a chronic headache; so that at last, to put an end to it all, I went and pitched myself into the river."

The magistrate, sympathizing but unconvinced, fined the defendant but three thalers.—*Exchange*.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

Ye are trivial things,
With invisible wings,
Needles and pins;
Common and mean,
Yet pointed and keen,
Useful alike to the cook or the queen,
Bright needles and pins.

Men have waxed wroth,
For the want of ye both,
Needles and pins;
Women have railed,
Reddened and paled,

Hunted and scolded till language has failed,
For needles and pins.

Heads rounded and bright,
Eyes single and light,
Needles and pins;

Ye have witnessed strange scenes,
Sharps, Blunts and Betweens;
Working for angels and working for fiends,
Bright needles and pins.

The set of that frill
Is due to your skill,
Needles and pins;
The droop and the grace
Of yon satin and lace,

And look of content on that young husband's face,
Oh! needles and pins.

Ye have hidden the rent
In the beggar's garment,
Needles and pins;

As ye've mended his tears,
So ye've lightened his cares,

Till again he has need of your aid and repairs,
Bright needles and pins.
"But where do you go,"

When your work's done, we'd know,
Needles and pins?

What nook do you find,
So secret and kind

That a mortal no trace of your brightness can find,
Lost needles and pins?

—*Exchange*.

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.—The abundance of a person's thoughts does not measure his capabilities as a writer. The secret of good writing consists not in the abundance of one's thoughts, but in the power to make a proper selection and arrangement of thoughts. The process of selecting and arranging is a great art in reference to all undertakings, especially in writing. You have a thought to express, and here is the whole English language at your service: a great variety of ways may be found to express the same idea, and your perfection as a writer depends, in a great measure, upon your ability of selecting the best form of expression. An abundance of thoughts is desirable, as it is desirable for a man to collect a great mass of material before attempting to build a house; but the collection of material is only the preliminary process, and is of little value, independently of the art of selection and arrangement which creates order and perfection out of chaos.

If we take a common terrestrial globe, two feet in diameter, it is evident that, compared with the earth itself, three inches on such a globe would represent

one thousand miles, and, consequently, eighteen thousandths, or the fifty-fifth part of an inch, would represent six miles. A mountain, six miles high, would, therefore be represented upon the surface of such a globe by a particle of dust whose diameter would not exceed the fifty-fifth part of an inch.

—*Appleton's Journal*.

SCIENCE has demonstrated that man is formed of condensed air; that he lives on condensed air as well as uncondensed air, and clothes himself in condensed air; that he prepares his food by means of condensed air, and by means of the same agent moves the heaviest weights with the velocity of the wind. But the strangest part of the matter is, that thousands of these tabernacles formed of condensed air, and going on two legs, occasionally, and on account of the production and supply of these forms of condensed air which they require for food and clothing, or on account of their honor and power, destroy each other in pitched battles by means of condensed air.—*Liebig*.

"They're always giving things different resignations from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike, "In my opinion what they call the new ralgia is catamount to old rheumatiz."

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of a specimen copy of "Ahn's German Handwriting," published by E. Steiger, New York.

ITEMS.

FATHER HYACINTHE arrived at New York on the 19th inst.

MINOTTI GARIBALDI is recruiting volunteers in the province of Calabria.

THE shock of an earthquake was felt in New England last Friday morning.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE has sailed from Constantinople and arrived at Alexandria.

THREE THOUSAND additional troops have been ordered from Spain to Cuba, to assist in quelling the insurrection.

HON. VICTOR M. RICE, superintendent of schools of this State for several years, died at Oneida on the 17th inst., aged 52 years.

REPORTS from Spain are to the effect that the insurgents at Valencia have surrendered unconditionally, and that the city is now occupied by the government forces. The government regards the republican insurrection as at an end.

An amusing and sarcastic pamphlet has been published in Rome, which undertakes to show that the original title of the family whose representative now sits on the throne of France, was "Malaparte;" which name was retained until the thirteenth century, when, as a reward for service done to the Church, or the Pope, it was changed to Buonaparte, or Bonaparte.

THE Suez ship canal is rapidly approaching completion. According to recent computations, it shortens the distance to the far East, for New York by 2,400 leagues; by 2,700 for New Orleans; by 2,800 for Amsterdam, Liverpool, London and St. Petersburg; by 3,300 for Marseilles; and by 4,300 for Constantinople.

It is said that a precious stone weighing eight ounces, and supposed to be a diamond, has been found in Australia. The stone is as large as a lemon, weighs about five times as much as the Koh-i-noor, and, if proved to be a real diamond, is worth much more than that famous stone.

A BIG nugget of gold was found in a mine in California, at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface, on the 18th of last August. It weighed 90 lbs., and is valued at \$22,000. A bigger nugget than the preceding, was found near Dunolly in Australia, on the 5th of last February. It was barely covered with earth—was about 21 inches in length, and 10 inches in thickness, weighed 190 lbs., and is worth about \$50,000. It was named the "Welcome Stranger."

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75. The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSES. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the Circular and orders for our publications.